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Killed her.
Vainly the breeze
Wafts a terrible sadness
Over her body.

ENCOUNTER

Little grey lady sitting by the roadside in the cold,
My fire is to warm you, not to burn you up.

Little grey lady in your little grey house in the warmth,
Your warmth is to loosen my frozen arms and tongue,
Not to drowse me.

SERMON

Chao-Mong-Mu freely laid his hands over the sky:
You do not know how to lay your hands over the breasts
of your beloved.

Chao-Mong-Mu made the tree dance at his will:
You do not know how to hug a rough tree and say
"darling" to it.

Chao-Mong-Mu magnificently ran a shaft of sunlight to
smash against the treetops:
You walk carefully, carefully, and fend off the sunlight
with your grey clothes, although you're very poor.

Chao-Mong-Mu painted a sky that was a pink-fleshed vase; then he became a very small thing and hid in the vase:
You build yourselves immense houses to live in, and you are afraid even there.

HOPE

Tomorrow will be beautiful,
For tomorrow comes out of the lake.

INSOMNIA

For a year his desperate hands beat the darkness. Then out of their rhythm a monster was created:
Three claws on his breast, so that he could not with facility heave it;
Three claws on his skull, so that he had waking nightmares the year long.
When at last his hands dropped, the monster stooped over him, and with his yellow beak plucked out his white heart.

SMOKE

All the smoke of the cigarettes of dreamers went over to the sky, and formed that blue vault you see up there.